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A

P O E M

On the Late

Miss CATHARINE GUNNING, K

In the Small Pox,

At *Carlinstown* in the County of *West-*
meath, the Seat of her Uncle *James*
Nugent, Esq;

INSCRIBED, to

Miss HANNAH NUGENT.

By a Young GENTLEMAN.

Ab miseram Eurydicen!

VIRG.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, in *Crane-Lane*.

M,DCC,LII.

P O E M

On the Lake

Miss CATHERINE GUNNING

In the Small Lake

At Gunpowder in the County of Wilt
near the Seat of Her Grace
Viscountess Epsom



Miss HAN

By a Young GENTLEMAN

No. 1. 1753

DUBLIN

Printed by S. POWELL
M.DCC.LIII



A

POEM

On the Late

Miss Catharine Gunning, &c.

O H! why the Heav'n in sable Pomp appears?
Incessant why the Morn relents in Tears?
Why dumb with Grief, the solemn-clouded
Hills
Hang with their Woods, and weep out all their Rills?
Why the broad *Lake*, one deep majestic Roar,
Lamenting rolls his Billows to the Shore?
Why silver-bosom'd Inn'r murm'ring glides,
O'erflows with Sorrow, and recalls his Tides?

A 2

Why

Why all his *Naiads* harmonize the Breeze,
 Sooth the rough Rocks and wake the list'ning Trees,
 Like plaintive *Niobe* still their Woes renew,
 And the low-sighing Reeds shed thick the balmy
 Dew?

Why, Winter, why thy bellowing Tempests cease,
 And black *November* saddens into Peace?
 No more, no more the genial Sun returns,
 Or *NASSAU* falls, or beauteous *GUNNING*
 mourns.

Alas! alas! the bending Azure cries;
 Alas! alas! the God-like *Héro* flies.
 What boundless Wonders swell out all his Soul!
 What glorious Suns and Worlds around him roll!
BATAVIA there for ever streaming view,
 And here *IERNE*, *GUNNING*, weeping you.
 Awhile, ye Youths, suspend the gen'rous Woe,
 (Ye Heavens, the while, one Tide of Anguish flow,)
 Awhile repressive of the tender Pray'r;
 Oh! yonder see the Lamb-like heav'nly Fair,
 With all the moving Eloquence of Eyes;
 Soft pleading Silence, and persuasive Sighs,
 In vain th' inexorable *Pest* implore,
 Did e'er such Language, Heav'n! not charm before?
 Hear thou fell Tyrant; O auspicious hear;
 Could'st thou from Beauty turn the cruel Ear?
 That Beauty mourning! o'er whose sacred Head
 Celestial Youth her choicest Glories shed:
 Who, sole unconscious of such Blaze of Charms,
 All heav'nly Wonder, into Blushes warms;
 Till all one melting Sweetness as she turns,
 Like half-averting *Seraphim* she burns.

Could'st

Could'st thou behold yon silent-drooping Flow'r?
 How beauteous drooping in the oppressive Show'r!
 Could'st thou behold her from the Virgin Choir,
 Shining in Tears, to Solitude retire?
 (While o'er the Couch lamenting Virtue stands
 Hanging, one Flood of Grief, and wrings her Hands;
 As o'er his Friend for ever, ever dear,
 The *living Marble* drops the pious Tear.)
 Ah! there in Silence melt, all-heavenly bright,
 All-heav'nly as the silver Queen of Night,
 When from a gilded Cloud serene she peeps,
 And soft thro' Air the dewy Lustre weeps;
 There languish, as the blooming Lilly lies
 The lovely Victim of inclement Skies,
 With all her flow'ry Tresses bath'd in Rain,
 Extended beauteous o'er th' embroider'd Plain:
 Or as a *Youth of Light*, who tender Cares
 Indulging pensive, to the Bow'r repairs,
 There, as the Stars that roseate East adorn,
 Reclines his beaming Forehead like the Morn.
 Would ye not bend, ye list'ning hoary Oaks?
 Would ye not soften, ye assenting Rocks?
 Would'st thou not hear, thou dreadful foaming Sea,
 At once subside, and smile thy Wrath away?
 But lo! the balmy Slumber seals her Eye,
 Sheds Dews of Heav'n, nor lets the Light'ning fly:
 Breathe soft ye Winds! sleep all ye wond'ring Floods!
 Let not an infant Murmur wake the Woods!
 Let all be hush'd, as solemn Midnight Reign!
 Let not an Osier whisper o'er the Plain!
 Immortal Pow'rs, the golden Vision spread,
 While Innocence and GUNNING rest the Head!
Yes,

Yes, ye young beck'ning Loves, the Bow resume,
 Smile into Health, and wave the snowy Plume :
 No longer roll the big round chrystal Tear,
 Methinks already brightens all the Year.
 Methinks fair Virtue, to th' astonish'd Groves
 Leads her *bright Transcript*, kindling as she moves.
 Soft as thy rosy-blushing Cheek around,
 Beneath thy Footsteps swells th' impurpling Ground.
 See, *gentle Maid* ! thy silent-hailing Flow'rs
 Live in thy Look, nor ask the fost'ring Show'rs.
 Hark the glad Foliage warbles o'er thy Head !
 From all the Heav'ns the routed Glooms are fled
 From Sky to Sky one Flood of Glory rolls !
 From Sky to Sky burst forth the blazing Poles !
 Why thus aloof, ye Youths, that solemn Air ?
 Tho' such are Angels, 'tis the *beav'nly Fair*.
 How as *Arabia's* Breath the *moving Charm*
 Melts on the Soul, as thrilling Raptures warm !
 How on that fragrant Lip, that Lip divine,
 Like Virgin Rubies bleeding in the Mine ;
 The trooping *Zephyrs* conscious of the Spring,
 Kiss Balm of Heav'n, and wave the rosy Wing,
 Thence o'er the blooming Wild of Softness play,
 Pant on each Sweet, and sigh themselves away !
 How from that Marble Neck, divinely fair,
 In golden Ringlets flows th' ambrosial Hair !
 Th' ambrosial Hair with softest Odour flows,
 Soft as the spicy Breeze of *Saba* blows.
 How thro' that *Cerberus-Form* transcending Snow,
 The azure Veins with living Blushes glow !
 Pure as the Crimson Streaks that fresh arise,
 And tinge with Day the white emblazon'd Skies.

Methinks

Methinks already midst the sparkling Train,
 Like the full Hosts of Night's unclouded Plain,
 While ev'ry quiv'ring Limb believes she flies,
 And the Soul flashes from the rolling Eyes;
The Fair, obsequious to the various Lays,
 Swims without Step, and swells along the Maze;
 While *Kindred* Eyeballs thick Effulgence rain,
 And gild with purest Dawn the vivid Scene:
 While thy *fair Consort* tow'ring o'er the rest,
 O NUGENT with the social Virtues blest,
 Serene as Mildness of the Vernal Year,
 Melting in Pity at th' imploring Tear;
 Form'd by the hand of Heav'n, by Heav'n design'd
 The softest Pattern of the softer Kind,
 Her *Eldest Hope* immingling Charms with Charms,
 And summoning the Soul by chaste Alarms;
 Smiling in Tears with all the Mother Eyes,
 And sees her other GUNNINGS round her rise.
 So when the silver Moon serenely bright,
 Full-orbed swells the blue unclouded Night,
 While Æther weeps the soft refulgent Show'rs,
 While not a breathing Breeze awakes the Flow'rs,
 While Nature hush'd with all her Forests sleeps,
 While trembling blaze throughout the silent Deep,
 While ev'ry Mountain bends his awful Brows,
 And not a Stream of Nectar warbling flows,
 Around her Throne the pompous Splendours roll,
 One boundless Glory pour'd from Pole to Pole;
 Adoring Man the solemn Scenes inspire,
 While the great Welkin wheels with all her Worlds
 of Fire.

O may

O may the *Full of Day*, whose pious Care
 Bares his white Locks, and helpless Sighs in Pray'r!
 May rosy Youth, that hangs the pensive head,
 As full-blown Flow'rs droop o'er th' enamel'd Mead!
 Oh! may the feeble tributary Muse,
 Dissolving as the Morn relents in Dews,
 Behold thee *Fair One*, with adoring Eyes,
 Again in native-blooming Charms arise!
 Yes, Tyrant, veil that Chart of Heav'n design'd,
 Behold her still the GUNNING of the Mind:
 When Sickneſs comes, when Time his Courſe ſhall
 run,

STILL VIRTUE FLAMES, ETERNAL AS THE SUN.
 See, Angel Softneſs, thy own balmy Spring,
 Awoke by mild *Favonius'* dewy Wing!
 (When Rain no more the trembling Year deforms,
 And beck'ning Winter calls aloof his Storms.)
 How thick the ſhooting Gold robes every Spray,
 Melts in the Gale, and ſmiling hails the Ray!
 How one impurpling Radiance cloaths the Fields,
 Pure as the Bluſh the weſtern Azure yields;
 While the cool guſhing Springs, their living Rills,
 In ſaphire Mazes weep from all the Hills!
 See yonder ſmiling Dawn! when breaking flies
 The ſable Night from all the golden Skies!
 How fresh the *Morning Star* all-beauteous flames,
 And ſheds Ambroſia from his ſilver Beams!
 So lovely ſhalt thou flouriſh *Maid divine*,
 So heav'nly Fair, one bright Perfection ſhine.

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